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The legend of Lake

THE LEGEND

OF

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AND OTHER HUMOROUS POEMS.

BY

ALFRED OCTAVIUS PRITCHARD.

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WILLIAM HARRISON [illegible]
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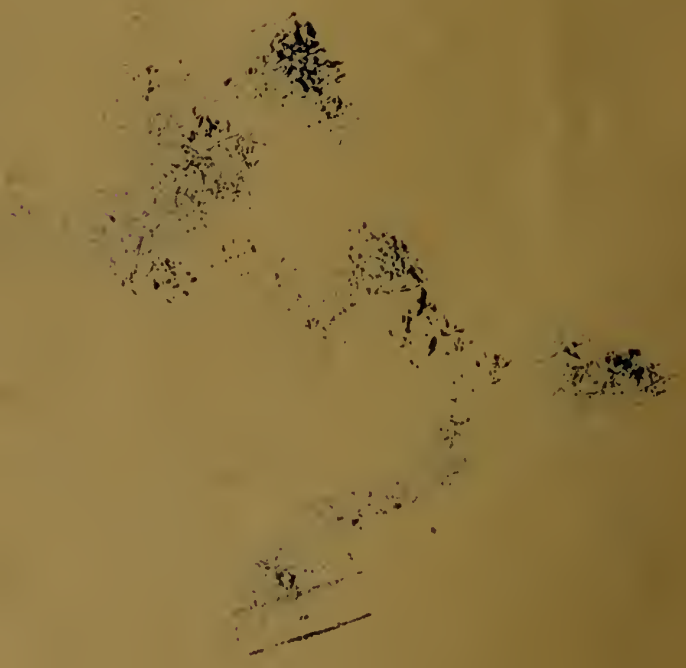

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THE LEGEND

—OF—

LAKE AVERIL

AND OTHER HUMOROUS POEMS.

—BY—

ALFRED OCTAVIUS PRITCHARD.

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PREFACE.

These crude effusions must stand or fall according to the judgment of my readers; but if perchance they should meet the eye of some old friend who has shared with me the vicissitudes of a chequered life, during my sojourn in Canada and the United States, I entertain the hope that they possess humor enough to provoke a smile, and awaken happy reminiscences of the past. Should this hope be realized the end will be accomplished.

A. O. P.

New Glasgow, N. S., Dec 15th, 1877.

INTRODUCTION.

Lake Averil lies embosomed in the forest upon the Boundary Line that separates Canada from Vermont, about twelve miles from Coatecook, P. Q. It is a beautiful sheet of clear water and abounds with trout. It's beauty is chiefly enhanced by the deep silence and solitude of its scenery. To see it to advantage it should be visited in the fall of the year, when the surrounding forests are clothed in all their autumnal vestments. To the lover of nature and solitude, to those who find "pleasure in the pathless woods and rapture on the lonely shore" far away from the busy haunts of man, and the noise and bustle of every day life, to the sportsman and the artist it offers every attraction.

Seth Stone referred to in the following poem, spent a great part of his time at this lake and its environs, shooting and fishing. He was a pleasant companion in the woods, and his jokes and anecdotes, interspersed with genuine humor, his frequent sallies of wit, and his terse repartee were the soul of our camp life. His untimely end was a matter of deep regret to all who knew him.

Coatecook according to local traditions was formerly the site of an Indian Village, but the *dramatis personæ* of the Legend are purely fictitious.

THE LEGEND OF LAKE AVERIL.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it,
Hears the talking flame, the answering night winds
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.
—*Longfellow.*

In the deep bosom of the forest wild
Lies Averil's lone water, ever mild ;
Primeval solitude, it's shores pervades,
And Peace sits brooding in its margent shades.
The storm that on the hill the pine tree bends,
But seldom to the quiet scene descends,
Tho' zephyrs in the beams of summer trace
The laughing dimples o'er its azure face.
The loon with crazy voice awakes the glen,
Of this lone lake a common denizen,
Here may the timid deer at night be found,
Emerging from the forest borders round,
To quench its thirst beneath the silent star
With watchful ear and eye, lest foe should mar
Its pleasures in the crystal draught, and then
With sudden bound to seek the woods again.
Here doth the speckled trout in shoals abound,
No hostile species here molest their round,
Here might that queer, eccentric old Divine,
* Walton the prince of anglers drop a line,
And find another subject for his pen,
Indite more homilies on fishing, when
He should like Paul be fishing for the souls of men.

* The Rev. Isaac Walton well known as an Author to the Sporting World.

Here did Piscator come with tackle stout,
And whipped the waters for the wary trout,
Full well his labors were requited too.
For twenty pounds in half an hour he drew,
And then he built his camp and lit his fire
And cooked his fish to suit his own desire.
When night with sable shadows closed him round
The fragrant spruce boughs strewed upon the ground
Formed his rude couch ; the ruddy cheerful sheen
From blazing logs a canopy of green.
Displayed a scene congenial to his mind ;
To solitude his genius was inclined,
And then he left the world with all its cares behind.

Oh Time ! our friendship and our love are thine,
But pleasant recollections they are mine.
Then bear thy spoils upon thy silent wings,
But spare the hallowed memory of things.
Spare the remembrance of the spirits gone,
The images of those we doted on,
The sweet reflection of affections ties,
Spare me the shadow though the substance flies ;—
Back to my breast life's flowers thou wil't not give,
But let their fragrance in my fancy live.

Sweet Averil ! how oft my gaze I cast,
Adown the silent vista of the past,
And midst the checkered scenes that meet mine eyes.
Thy peaceful glades on memory arise,
All palpable, as from a magic wand,
And busy fancy hovers round thy strand.
Thou art so with my memory entwined,
So clear upon the tablet of the mind,
'Twould seem as tho' my spirit still doth stray
Amidst the kindred haunts of bygone day.
Since last I trod thy sands the waves of life,
Have rolled around me with a bitter strife,
And adverse winds have borne my fragile barque,

A weary round o'er seas where all was dark,
No dreams of halcyon days now rise to cheer,
The fading landscape once so bright and clear.
Time too has left his impress on my brow,
And lengthened shadows flit before me now.
The hearts whose love I deemed would never fade,
Or absence alter, or oblivion shade,
How cold they seem, how passionless, as 'twere
The spirit of old days is wanting there ;
While some who loved with me thy waters lone,
Have passed life's bourn into the silent, dark unknown.

Loved one who shared with me life's hopes and fears,
My fair companion in this vale of tears,
The sods are growing green upon thy grave,
Where the dark yew tree's sable plumes do wave,
Beside the village church, that ancient pile,
Where we united were in Albion's Isle.
Happy wert thou from this rude world's turmoil
To find repose upon thy native soil.
I was not there to close thy waning eye,
To catch thy farewell accents, or last sigh :
No, fate between us stood, but to the last
I'll hold thine image and thy memory fast,
Thou synosure to which my feelings tend,
How oft' to Averil thy face would lend
A charm that harmonized with all around,
Thou hast left footprints there that make the ground
Hallowed to me : the very sky above
Seems to reflect thy presence and thy love.
Oh thou in heaven ! if from that bright sphere,
Thy spirit now doth mark my lone career,
If spirits weep then thine will shed a tear.
I dream that when this heart shall throb no more,
That I shall hail thee on a happier shore ;
That He whose wise inscrutable decree,
Bid the Atlantic roll 'twixt thee and me,
For twelve long years, and wrecked our hopes at last,
Will when my wintry dream of life has passed ;

Guide my frail barque in mercy to that goal,
Where thou art now, the haven of thy soul.
Back to this being fraught with care and pain,
Could I, I would not call thy soul again,
Then take thy rest, be my lot what it may,
And wear thy crown "that fadeth not away."

Now in deep slumber did Piscator lie,
Luring the finny tribe with artful fly,
Or flitting on the fickle wings of thought,
O'er scenes long passed with social pleasures fraught.
When he was roused by rustling of the leaves,
Was it a whisper of the passing breeze?
Hush! there's a footstep, then a form appears
Is that you Seth? (Piscator cried) why here,
At this late hour? come tell the reason why?
Seth answered hoarsely, wait a bit I'm dry!
And choked with flies, mosquitos, midge and bug,
Warnt they a caution! hand me here the jug!
Here! cried Piscator take this flask and drink,
Martell's best brandy that will make thee blink,
Seth seized the proffered flask and took a drain,
Then lit his mellow clay and smoked away amain.

Ye youths who plod, no matter in what grade,
Minion of lucre, slavish child of trade,
Whose minds are in the narrow compass bound,
Of some small trading hole, nor look around,
Or lift your thoughts perhaps beyond the pale
Of some barnyard where all your wits grow stale,
"Home-keeping youths," come hither! view this scene.
Mark well the tableau, and this spot serene,
The merry sunburnt faces, hear the tale,
The song that echoes over hill and dale,
That laugh, that mocks at care and says begone,
The "starry canopy" to ponder on,
See the bright blaze from birchen logs that flings,
A ruddy charm o'er all surounding things,
And taste the pleasures from the fount that flows,

Where Nature sits enthroned beneath the forest boughs.

Come Seth ? Piscator cried the night is long,
Tell me a tale, or else do sing a song ?
Well, if I must said Seth, I'l tell a tale,
What happened long ago in this lone vale.
'Twas told to me by an old trapper Joe,
When I was young, that's many years ago.
'Twas long before my time and youern too ;
No Boundary Line then ran this country through.
A chain of forests clothed the land from here,
To Lake Champlain or some where very near.
Coaticook, that little town you know,
Was not then thought of, where now stands a row
Of cottages, some Indian wigwams lay
'Midst wilds interminable every way.
'Twas swampy ground, with bullrushes around,
Where wolves and other varmint did abound.
The Indian folks who made that place their home
Were clever people, not much used to roam.
Were clever folks, so did the trapper say,—
Perhaps ahead of some that's there to-day.
They had no "gospel mills" and no hotel ;
No lawyers and the like, which was as well ;
No brimstone Bethels, where the sinner's soul
Takes the highway to glory without toll.
Where the itinerant Lord's anointed stands
And deals out free salvation to all hands.
*No scapegrace progeny of mongrel blood,

NOTE:—The clan of men here referred to are to be found in the towns and villages in the vicinity of the Boundary Line on the Canada side. They are unworthy the name of citizens, and poison the social atmosphere that surrounds them. They have imported all the vices of our neighbors without their virtues. In politics they are invariably Annexationists; in reality men who would run against good government in any state. During the American war they found a field for their evil propensities in "running substitutes" from Canada for the United States army. They may well be designated

"Lepers in politics and public good."

No reference is here made to the respectable citizens from the United States who have settled in Canada, whose character as a body socially and politically cannot be impeached.

Lepers in politics and public good ;
Those fungi that the border hamlets cram
Yclipt skedadlers from Uncle Sam ;
Pills that the old man's stomach could not hold ;
Black sheep that he's excluded from his fold.
I like the Yankee when he's genuwine,
But darn these critters on the boundary line.

These cast off scions of the Yankee school
Might think the Indian Chieftian was a fool,
But they might draw a lesson from the book
Of natures scion, Chief Coaticook.
He was a gentleman all ready-made,
Not like the city swell that's learned the trade,
But it was there ; no artificial chain,
Of book-learned wisdom cramped his soul's domain
His manly bearing, brow with furrows wrought,
Bespoke the man of firmness and deep thought,
And what he did'nt know, well then you bet
Was not worth knowing, " Say Bill pass the wet " !
Well Bill he had a daughter, handsome, fine ;
No palefaced bastardy had marred the line,
She was the counterpart of her old man,
And all his genius in her currant ran ;
His only offspring in whose face he saw,
The sweet reflection of his long lost squaw.

She was to him a star of brightest ray
That lit the evening twilight of his day,
A glow upon the yellow leaf of fall,
A synosure, his thoughts absorbing all.

For her went up the never ceasing prayer,
In camp, on prairie, forest, everywhere,
And when he prayed, he prayed with heart and will,
The silent vistas of the forest Bill
With lofty pines for columns and a shrine
Of granite boulders, over which would twine,
The trailing mass, the dewberry and flower,
Formed his sublime cathedral, our
Modern mode of worship can't compare,

With his'n, we can't hold a candle there.
And as for choristers, he had the songs,
Of every bird that to the wood belongs;
The silver symphony of falling rill,
Borean gales and zephers whisper still;
And the great Father's voice in thunders roll,
Music that awes and speaks right to the soul.

He did not kneel as folks do now'a days,
In pews on velvet hassocks or on baize;
Or like our pious Elder with lank face,
With eyes upturned, and belly full of grace,
Thank God for special favors and again
Thank God that he was not as other men.
No, he saw good in all and raised his soul,
Up to the great Invisible who made the whole.

Well Bill, 'twas when the cruel war was waged,
'Twixt France and Britain, Indians were engaged,
By each antagonist to ply their trade,
Glory or fame cannot expunge that shade
From history. The knife was red with gore,
And Murder stalked with gory tresses o'er
This northern forest land. The wolf would then
Fatten on carcasses of butchered men.

The settlers' children, to the babe just born,
From helpless arms all ruthlessly were torn,
And brained before the supplicating eye,
Did this look like a christian policy!
A military station where now stands
Sherbrook, was occupied by British hands.

Upon the hill be-girt with maple trees,
St. George's banner fluttered in the breeze.
It floats there still, and distant be the hour,
When felon hands that good old rag shall lower,
May this poor heart of mine be cold and still,—
No politics allowed here! muttered Bill,
Well Bill that's so said Seth I'm off the trail,
And kind of losing sight of my long tale,

Now General somebody sent down a brace,
Of officers in scarlet trimmed with lace,
To treat with old Coaticook and try
The tenor of the chieftain's policy.
Suffice it that the redman did declare
His tribe as neutral, neither here or there.
He treated well his guests; his frugal store
Of venison was laid upon the floor,
His daughter with a woman's wonted pride
In the full costume of her savage tribe,
Attired herself, and might be looked upon
Amongst her kind as one of the bon ton.
Lieutenant Wells, the junior of the two
Referred to, was a strapping chap to view,
In stature tall, with features marked and bold.
His place of birth none need ask or be told,
Old Johnny Bull stuck out of him quite plain;
A child could swear he'd come across the main,
The other Major Wilkins I will pass;
He was of small account, had lots of brass;
His record may be fair or may be foul,
A champanzee, or may be a biled owl
Knowed more than that apology for man,
And so I'll drop the critter, that's my plan.
Well Bill these soger chaps they staid ten days
With old Coaticook, in many ways
They passed in pleasuring their time around,
In hunting deer and fishing I'll be bound
In this here lake: and *Bena she was there,
For hunting was her forte and she could bear
Toil and privations none but Indians know,
But one thing showed which way the wind did blow,
No matter what the sport was of the day,
No matter how their paths diverged away,
Bena and Wells would meet as if by chance,
We can see what was up Bill at a glance,
The gal was kind of spoony on him sir,

*The chief's daughter, Bena is a pheasant in Iroquois.

The chap had kind of hankering arter her.
These things were not unnoticed by the chief,
But then his daughter in his firm belief,
Was wide awake, and would not bring herself to grief.

Great men have their weak points in common things,
Minds that will soar upon immortal wings,
Above the common level of their kind,
In some small social matters seem purblind,
And so 'twas with Coaticook, but we
Men of small calibre the thing would see
At once; true Wells and Bena could define
Their thoughts alone by gestures or by sign:
English or French she never learned; he knew
No more of Iroquois than I or you.
But there are ways of telling what we mean,
And eyes are fraught with eloquence I ween.

There is a power in silence, when the eye
Dwells on the much loved object, and a sigh
Heaved from the deep recesses of the heart,
Discloses more than words can ere impart,
Devotion, passion, love or what you will
Betrays itself in many aspects Bill.
The transient rose that blooms upon the face,
The shades of thought that deep emotions trace,
The sudden cloud that lowers on the brow,
A moment shaded, changed to radience now,
The tell-tale mirror of the heart, the eye
Disclosing all loves hidden mystery;
The tender pressure of the fingers fraught
With meaning; an instinctive meaning taught,
By mother Nature to her daughter Eve;
A legacy bequeathed us I believe,
If these things do not speak in language clear,
My views are all anomolous I fear.
But to my tale, these sogers had to don
Their uniforms again and leave upon
The seven A. M. train. Not much, you know

No iron horse came tearing screaming through
The forests then. They had to pack their duds,
Shoulder their turkies and plod thro' the woods.
There is a well known boulder by this pond,
A log camp stood not many rods beyond.
There as the sun it's parting glory shed,
And sable shadows o'er the grand woods sped,
There the Lieutenant and the maiden sat;
'Twas an all-fire romantic eve was that:
The *"lightning bugs" danced thro' the dreamy air,
And showed their fairy lanterns everywhere.
No ripple trembled on the silent lake,
Save when the loon or plunging muskrat break
The calm with eddies. Then the silver moon
Stole from a sea of forests and full soon,
With pensive grandeur shed a glamour o'er
All nature, and enhanced her charms the more.
'twas a fair subject for the artist that,
The civilized and savage, critters that
Were the extremes in character and blood
One from the city, t'other from the wood.
Her raven locks in wild luxuriance hung,
Over her shoulders and her dark eyes shone
In the pale moonlight, while his arm was cast
Around her waist and thus the moments passed,
One touch of nature makes the world akin,
This proverb may to some folks seem too thin,
But love, romantic love is often found
To step from higher spheres to lower ground
And youth has no discretion, that's so Bill!
And risks a sire's curse and a shilling in his will.
They parted with a fond embrace, so far
Wells was a white man, he did naught to mar
The girls felicity. He'd come to claim
Bena for squaw, he said, she thought the same,
All this was told in gestures and their plan
Was unbeknown except above to the "Old Man."†

* Fireflies.

†God in border phraseology.

Time rolled along the days, the months, the years,
Two long, long years of anxious hopes and fears,
Of weary irksome days and sleepless nights
When lo the scarlet coat appears in sight.
Then Bena wild and losing all restraint,
(She did not hollow or pretend to faint,)
But from the wigwam like a panther broke,
If hell had intervened with fire and smoke,
I'll bet my life she would have waded thro';
When women loves what wont the critter do,
Bounds thro' the brushwood like a thing of thought
And in the silent avenue she sought,
The young Lieutenant; then into his arms
She fondly threw herself, all glowing with loves
charms.

The soger came for game; this was his plea;
And he was game, no chicken sir was she.
For many days they were a gunning round,
The Matrawippe Lake. Game did abound,
In those days all the plains and forests thro'
No lack was there of moose and cariboo.
But like their forest lords the Indian race,
They vanish from the earth; they fade apace
Before the legions of their paleface foe
Like leaves before the autumn winds they go.
Another generation by the by
Will know them only in zoology.
Most of the hunters after many suns,
Made for their wigwams. So the story runs,
But Wells and Bena they returned no more,
And spent their honeymoon upon this very shore.

'Twas in the early fall that pleasant time,
When all the groves are decked with hues sublime,
That glorious season when the Summer's grace
In coruscations smiles on Autumn's face,
And where doth nature ere her charms enshrine

In tints more gorgeous, or so varied shine
As by thy waters Averil. Thy sky
Was almost cloudless. All was fair, but why
Has Bena decked her hair with leaves so lavishly ?
She stood with Wells within a sylvan bower,
Formed by some cedar trees and mantled o'er
With the wild vine, and in that silent shade
Their simple matrimonial vows they made.

This might not suit the fashionable fry,
Conventionality would call out fie !
'twould wake the censure of the stoic crew,
Religious bigots would denounce it too.
But spite the strictures of this mincing age,
Despite the rigid Moralist and Sage,
'twas solemn wedlock in my reason's eye,
And registered in God's own scroll on high.

No priest was there with solemn form to bind,
No groom or bridesmaid stood the pair behind,
No happy faces on their lot to smile,
No music peeled "adown the long drawn aisle,"
He pointed to the sky, she to the sun,
Showed both their palms, and this romantic pair were
one.

The day flew by upon love's glowing wings
'Till sable night with mantle clothed all things
Around them. Joy ineffable was theirs,
Their nuptial hours were all devoid of cares.
Love flings a halo round its fleeting joys,
And veils the dark to-morrow that destroys.

The soft dry moss with autumn leaves o'erspread
By Nature's hand, served for their marriage bed.
A deerskin robe about their limbs they drew ;
And this was all the trapper said he knew
About connubial matters. Hymen flings
A veil in modesty o'er all such things.
The mystery of marriage beds deny,
The prying scrutiny of vulgar eye.

Oh stay romantic youthful vision, stay !
Oh bloom awhile ye flowers that strew the way !
Dark clouds why on life's rosy morning fall,
And unsophisticated love why pall ?
Like summer clouds the gilded moments pass
Never to come again, and then alas
Came stern reality. The Chief began
To doubt the honor of the paleface man.
What detained Bena, in the woods so long ?
Dark thoughts about his mental vision throng.
Has his loved daughter's chastity been seared ?
Has she, the flower of his life that cheered
His path through age by alien hands been reft,
And he her sire to mourn her weakness left.

* * * * * *

He called his savans versed in Indian lore,
Who in a circle sat upon the floor.
Age took the precedence, each gave his views
In speech laconic ; no redundant use
Of language for rhetorical effect,
Yet shrewd and eloquent without defect.

Now Bill the Indians moral code you know
Should not be guaged by ours ; that is so.
With him revenge is virtue, not a crime.
The scalp of foe to him's a thing sublime.
All the traditions of the race are reared
Upon this principle, and I'm afeared
If any foe should ask for quarter there
He'd find but little virtue in his prayer.

Thus spoke Coaticook and raised his head,
His calumet he laid aside then said :
Children the paleface to my wigwam came
I knew him not by person or by fame.
His purpose I believed was honest, fair,
I gave him fish and venison, a share
Of all my humble wigwam was possessed,
And the reed mat whereon to take his rest.
My tribe has always given food to all

And shelter, when they at our dwellings call,
And the Great Spirit smiles on redman where
He feeds the stranger with his humble fare.
I showed the paleface game ; my Bena too
Was with our party hunting forests thro'
For many suns, and I was mad or blind
To dream that she was better than her kind
And trust her all alone with that paleface,
The deadly enemy of all my race.

These failing eyes wili gaze upon her form
As something blasted by the thunder storm ;
A loathsome thing of modesty bereft ;
Would that the thunderbolt this head had cleft
Before this dire calamity transpired—

Then with a sudden savage impulse fired
He bid his warriors for their task prepare,
To scour the plains and forests, everywhere,
And ere the morrow's sun has run his race
Bring me he said the whiteman's scalp to grace
My wampum ; and my Bena bring to me,
The whiteman's scalp is all I ask of ye.

He ended, and there rose a war-whoop shrill
That woke the solitude of dale and hill :
Then painted men in single file marched by
With all the pride of Indian pageantry.
And like a thing by dreaming fancy reared
Faded within the tall pine shades and disappeared.

Night stole on Averil with heavy wings,
And clouds portentious frowned upon all things.
The very owl was awed to silence then ;
The duck lay motionless within the fen ;
The nighthawk cleaved no more the drowsy air ;
Nor prowled along the beach the hungry bear ;
Or howled the wolf pack over yonder hill ;
And mutely sat the nightly whippoorwill.
No breezes redolent of balmy flowers
Kissed the dark foliage of trees or bowers ;

But silence all pervading brooded o'er
The woods and waters. There's a calm before
A storm, the spirit sleeps within the breast
And all the billows of the soul take rest
When some calamity is near at hand.

Slept the young soldier in the magic band
Of Bena's arms, entranced with visions bland.
'Twas as the calm before the simoom's breath
Leaves in its arid sweep the trail of death;
The peace of that eternal vale of snow
Ere breaks the avelanche o'er all below;
The deathlike silence that o'er nature reigns
Ere the tornado devastates the plains;
That morbid stillness that the earth enthrals
Ere the fair city by the earthquake falls.

But slumbers not the everwatchful squaw,
Some strange presentiments her bosom awe.
Suspicion lurks, and yet she can't tell why;
Instinct, not reason shows there's danger nigh.
She wildly peers into the gloom of night,
Thro' the faint medium of the camp fire's light.
She listens with her ear upon the ground,
Ah there's a noise, a stealthy human sound.

With hurried motion she arouses Wells,
With hurried gestures she the danger tells,
Snatches her musket, bounds like any roe
Followed by Wells the woody vistas thro'.
Their bark canoe was moored upon the shore.
A stygian gloom pervades the waters o'er,
In silence wrapped they steal along the lake,
So soft thou couldst not hear the ripples break;
The paddles noisless dip well timed doth show
The practised master hand that wields it now.
A flash, a sharp report, a whizzing ball,
And then a yell, thou wouldst have thought that all
Hell had broken down the everlasting door
And all its legions o'er the threshold pour.
Smooth as the swallow skims along the deep,

Swift as the eagle in its dizzy sweep
Thro' the wild azure, flew the bark canoe;
Away, away towards the inlet flew.
'Tis life to gain that spot, 'tis death to fail.
Away the warrior scouts are on the trail.
No interchange of looks, no respite now,
With long quick strokes, the light bark onward flew
And glides at last into a little bay,
Where startled wildfowl flew in flocks away.
Thro' the long bulrushes they quietly drew
Their little bark, and hid it safe from view;
Then thro' a cedar labyrinth they hied,
So intricate their task that it defied
The native instinct even of the squaw,
Much less the paleface at the business raw.
Now Bill, some bookmaker, a city blood
Has said * there's pleasure in the pathless wood.
If that romantic gentleman would stray
With me into the wild-woods some fine day
The error of his sentiments he'd see,
Within a cedar swamp, an hour with me,
Would sow the critter up. I'll bet you when
His sentimental lyre he tuned again,
He'd try another theme; he'd kind a hate
On "pathless woods" and solitude to prate.
But to my tale, within the dismal glade,
Thro' swamp and quagmire difficult to wade,
Thro' scrubby underbrush, o'er fallen trees,
With stiff set limbs, thro' clouds of flies that teaze.
Thro' darkness such as Dante's muse might suit,
Or Stygian gloom for Milton's master lute.
Not e'en the † little fly's phospheric spark,
Cheered the lone fugitives, all, all was dark.
At length the night began to wane, the sky
Paled into morn, an opening they descry.
Both faint and weary, hands and faces torn,
Sank on the mossy ground, two things forlorn.

* There is a pleasure in the pathless wood—BYRON.
† The Firefly.

The Soger was played out Bill, not the squaw,
She with the fondness of a woman saw
His feeble state, his fevered bloodshot eye ;
She would not leave him, she would rather die,
The scouts might soon discern their wayward trail,
One further effort and if that should fail,
The torture or the stake, the scalping knife,
These she would risk for him her joy, her life.
She brought him water and she bathed his brow.
Not many paces hence there lay below,
Four of the warriors of Coaticook,
Who drew a bead on Wells, the volley woke,
The echoes of the valleys, hill and glen,
Then dropped the poor worn soldier, and oh then ;
As from the jungle bounds the tiger, wild,
So Bena sprang, I tell you she was riled,
Rushed franticly unarmed upon her foes,
With superhuman strength one man she throws
Upon the sod, and ere the rescue came,
Wrenches his tomahawk, and sends the same,
Into his skull. No amazon of old
Fought with more desperate courage, madly bold,
She fell by him she loved, yet in death's throes
She boldly bid defiance to her savage foes.

Thus passed from life the flower of the line
Of Old Coaticook, in youth's fair prime.
Innate nobility of mind was hers,
Her features spoke the character that stirs
Our admiration, and her master parts
Amidst the chivalrous might move the hearts
Of nations. In another social sphere
Some daring Joan of Arc she might appear,
Simirimis, or Albion's Boadicea.
Love was to her a thing entirely new,
It was not transitory, for she threw
Her soul into the object of her love ;
Something perennial that will bloom above
In some far off and blessed Elysian Isles,

Some *Egapemone where summer ever smiles.

Thus fell the Chieftian's daughter and poor Wells.
He left the happy haunts my story tells
Of urban life, his home, his friends, his race,
For Bena's love, the forest and the chase,
And in the end was chased himself and shot.
His honeymoon was short Bill, was it not?
But he was stalwart, faithful, honest, true,
And loved his swarthy bride with fervor too;
And if there is a happy peaceful shore
According to the creeds and sages lore,
Where all the storms of human passions cease,
Where virtue rests upon the breast of peace,
Where love, self-sacrificing, noble, rare,
Like his, shall conquer time, then he's with Bena there.

The scouts performed their task, the scalp they brought
To old Coaticook, but mentioned nought
Of Bena's death; they told a garbled tale
Of how she fled, and how they lost her trail.
And Autumn's yellow leaf bestrewed the plain,
Then Winter's snows, and yet no Bena came.
The stern old Chieftian's anguish could be seen
In all his actions, in his altered mien;
Yet there was grandeur in his swift decay
That marks the great when hope has passed away.
No murmur passed his lips, not e'en a sigh
Told of the sorrow gnawing inwardly.
The Winter passed and joyous gladsome Spring
Came round again reviving everything,
But came not Bena. Then as falls the pine,
Some patriarch, last of a forest line,
That stood with all majestic grandeur, lone,
When all its mates before the axe had gone;
So passed Coaticook, the chief renowned
Into the spirit realms, his glorious hunting ground.

* Egapemone, or the abode of love.

A century and a half upon the wings
Of never halting time it's shadow flings
O'er Averil, since these events took place.
Of Bena's tribe oblivion leaves no trace,
But legendary record doth unfold
A marvel of this Lake in days of old.

It tells how in night's silent solemn hour,
When darkness holds all nature in its power,
Two phantom forms in aspect airy, light,
With happy faces, radiant with delight
Would glide along the lake in bark canoe,
And when the morn from rosy chambers flew
Dissolved in nothingness, as fades a dream,
Or as a mist at morn before the sun's bright beam.

This was the yarn spun by the trapper Joe
Beside our camp-fire many years ago.
It maybe all romance, it may be true,
But anyway to pass the time 'twill do.
Well Bill my boy, here's health to thee, good night!
We must be on the water by daylight.
Then like two mummies they themselves enrolled
In army blankets, proof against the cold,
Passed into dreamland ere is counted ten,
And dreamed of handsome Indian girls and pale-faced
men.

Poor Seth! alas it was his last camp tale;
He too has passed the borders of life's vale.
His spirit in the noontide of his day
Broke from its covert, and has "gone away."
Then nature mourned his loss by vale and dell,
Dark shadows hovered over Averil,
While gentle breezes seemed to whisper Seth farewell.
Yet oft-times when the summer sun has set,
And round the camp-fire merry friends have met
As sundry tales and anecdotes are told,
As turns the theme on memories of old

And reminiscences of days gone by,
The name of poor Seth Stone calls forth a sigh.
Long be his memory green, and if my rhyme
In fond remembrance of the happy time
We've passed at Averil will add one hue,
One verdant tinge his memory to renew
And clear the retrospect of pleasant days
Then thus my wayward muse her humble tribute pays.

THE POLITICAL TOURISTS.

[The subject of these semi-burlesque stanzas is founded upon the exploits of four Political Aspirants from Portland, Maine, who attended the Tilden and Hendricks ratification meetings, at Cambridge Centre, Vermont, and are here introduced under the fictitious names of Bagbury, Kurtney, Kneel, and Nevens.]

Lord, what fools these mortals be.—*Midsummer's Night Dream.*

The maple groves began to show
Their varied soft autumnal glow;
The falling leaf in whisper told
How all that's lovely fades, grows old.
That hectic flush on nature's face,
That farewell blush, that parting grace,
That coruscation over all,
That glamour that pervades the fall,
Before the ravished eye expands,
Like dreams that picture fairy lands.
Mount Mansfield towering to the sky
Meets the enraptured tourist's eye,
While laughing landscapes seemed to say
"Here come the tourists, clear the way"!
And like the phantom of a dream,
Rose old Lamoille from his dark stream
To hail the Democratic corps,
A thing he never did before.
Ye verdant rustics doff your tiles,
Green mountain girls put on your smiles.

Ye maple dryads of the grove
Come forth in all the charms of love;
Break the soft stillness of the dell,
In melting strains the chorus swell,
Kisses on Nevens pour in showers
And strew the hero's path with flowers.

First Nevens came, I will describe the man
With all the perspicuity I can,
A modest unassuming look he wore:
A tinge of melancholy too he bore.
His jet locks dashed with honorable gray
Bespoke his piety in youths heyday.
* His nose! now on that organ I must dwell,
It is a member which it will do well
To contemplate, as savans do maintain
† That by that organ we may ascertain
The calibre of any fellows brain.
Now Nevens had a nose, a jolly one,
Equalled by Bardolph's, but surpassed by none,
A nose that was a nose, 'twas full of soul,
That spoke of midnight revels and the bowl,
Champagne, clam chowders, oysters, porter, beer;
It was a bacchanalian nose 'tis clear.
And Nevens came with Bagbury and Kneel
From Portland, Maine, the public pulse to feel,
And sow broadcast along Lamoille's green vale,
On mountain side, or hamlet in the dale,
The principles of liberty, and cast
Tilden and Hendricks colors to the blast.
They came with ready chopped and dried orations,
And kept well primed with sundry deep potations.

We met at Hinckley's, dined at ten P. M.
Beef *a la mode* and spuds *ad libitum*
The bard was there, the author of this tale,
Discussing politics as well as ale.

* Shakspear's description of Bardolph's illuminated proboscis is immortal, and Ainsworth admirably describes Blueskins nasal organ in the song of Jolly Nose.
† The great Napoleon said give me a man with a prominent nose for great undertakings.

"The last of all the bards was he" whose strains
Charmed the bucolic ear of Cambridge swains,
The hero too of his immortal story
Adorned the board, * Tom Furtive in his glory.
† Skinney was there and graced the poet's side
Skinney was there and touched the poet's pride
By interrupting him in some bright dash,
Some repartee, some intellectual flash
Which meteor like breaks forth in table talk
Over our chuck, if 'tis but beef or pork.
Poet and Skinney clinched in deadly fight,
Poet had Skinney by the windpipe tight,
And but for some one's kind and friendly hand
Skinney that night had seen the spirit land.
Peace was restored, the turmoil soon was o'er;
So sleeps the billow when the storms no more.

In justice to the poet I digress:
One thing upon our host I would impress,
I've always marked where'er 'tas been my fate
To sit at some convivial board of late,
Where'er the Celtic element abounds
The dogs of war are sure to break their bounds.
And if perchance a man of Anglo caste
Speaks bold, and nails his colors to the mast,
How quick the party feeling will combine,
"Down with the Saxon" rings along the line.
Upon the night referred to I looked round,
And midst the turmoil tried to catch the sound.
The still small voice of friendship on my ear;
But all in vain, the animus was clear.
Peace was restored and as I took my place
And marked the scowl on each milesian face,
I felt that pride no craven hand could scare,
I felt I was the only Saxon there!

But Nevens, gentle Nevens, there he goes.
He bears no malice and he knows no foes.

* The Peregrinations of Tom Furtive are in manuscript, but will be published shortly.
† See Skinney's Epitaph at the end of this poem.

His nose the admiration of the crowd ;
To own that nose a monarch might be proud,
That nose now shone, I can't describe it's grace,
A cherry red, a beacon to the face.
To calm the ruffle by the fracas wrought,
Nevens broke forth in melody untaught.
A charm upon the troubled scene he flings,
As thus he sang and spread the Eagle's wings.

NEVENS'S SONG.

TUNE.—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

Our history shows what a century's done;
May the laurels ne'er fade that our forefathers won ;
To our famed constitution drink deep every one,
And the Democrats cause in Columbia.

Peace always had triumphs more potent than wars,
We all know what Jefferson did for our cause,
How skilful diplomacy, commerce, wise laws
Exalted the fame of Columbia.

The spirit of freedom was genuine, true;
The cause of the country was ne'er lost to view ;
Our Eagle on wings of prosperity flew
O'er valleys and plains of Columbia.

The bark of the State glided gallantly on,
Till feuds were engendered, all founded upon
The Niggers equality, darn everyone
That troubled the peace of Columbia.

Then waved the palmetto flag high in the air ;
The fierce Southern tiger sprang forth from his lair,
And war, bloody war, left its curse and its scar
On the bosom of weeping Columbia.

The North with one voice the rebellion decried ;
The partizan spirit was merged in the pride
Our countrymen felt when they fought side by side
For the honor and fame of Columbia.

And when o'er the land a deep shadow there passed,
When all thought the Union gone up at last,
But for Democrats swords the Confederates grasp
Had settled the hash of Columbia.

When the dun cloud of war rolled away from our sky,
And Peace her white banner unfurled upon high,
Then fell on our ears the Republican cry
For radical rule in Columbia.

They trampled on precedent, order, and laws;
The country impoverished worse than the wars;
The government funds fell a prey to their paws,
And they broke the back bone of Columbia.

The subsidy business they sorely misused;
To men of capacity honor refused;
Sent crafty diplomatists out who abused
Their trust, and dishonored Columbia.

Then let us hold fast to conservative right,
And like our brave ancestors nerve for the fight,
To crush the political vampires out quite,
Who drain the life blood of Columbia.

Again let our eagle ascend to the sky,
For dark clouds are lowering, and trouble is nigh,
Let Tilden for President be the war cry,
And Reform for our country Columbia.

As Nevens ceased, the Poet followed suit,
With patriotic strains he woke his lute.
Poet was loyal to the British Crown,
Proud of his country and its old renown,
His feelings knew no change, his heart was there;
His native land was all his hope, his care.
Twenty years penance at Columbia's shrine
Proved the Republic was not all Divine.
Quick to resent a slur on Albion's name,
Scornful when from her enemy it came,
But when a stranger's tongue proclaimed her praise
His heart would throb responsive to each phrase,
With staff and scallop shell, and sandal shoon
He trod the weary waste of life alone.
Back through the vista of the silent past
On sunny days his thoughts were ever cast
He flung his wayward strains and uncouth lays
Off to the winds, he sought no meed of praise.
As some lone pilgrim of the desert plain,
Faint, parched, with weary foot and aching brain

A retrospective glance and longing smile
Turns to the palm trees of some desert isle,
That in relief on the horizon show
Where crystal streams through verdant pastures flow,
So turned this pilgrim to his native isle,
To home, where all its fond endearments smile,
The only Anglo-saxon in the throng
This was the idle burden of his song.

THE POET'S SONG.

When discord and anarchy ride on the gale,
And raving fanatics o'er order prevail.
Distracted I turn to my own native isle,
Where calm social pleasures the hours beguile,
And tears will arise
To my weary eyes,
When I dream of home and its thousand ties.

Albion my country I yearn for thee still,
I wander in slumber o'er meadow and hill,
Where soft dreamy landscapes in retrospect rise,
And long buried memories gladden mine eyes;
While up in the sky
The lark carols high
And melody wakens of days gone by.

I prize the warm hearts of Columbia's sons.
The same ruddy stream in our kindred veins runs;
But Albion my warmest affections are thine,
By absence unaltered, matured by time,
Oh cold, cold will be
This heart when from me
Oblivion shall bear my remembrance of thee.

Pollute not the tongue with the envious phrase,
But yield her the frank honest tribute of praise;
Though Freedom thy land with her choicest gifts sows,
They are but the fruits from the old Saxon boughs;
Then sing of her fame,
Her glory proclaim,
And give to the mother-land honor, not shame.

No rude revolution of elements jar
Her firm social fabric, in peace or in war,
The calm sober spirit of judgment presides
In the soul of Briton whatever betides
But wake not his ire

Or kindle his fire,
He trusts in the arm of the God of his sire.

Let demagogues talk of my country's decay,
Should she as a power or nation give way,
Her colonies then would her flag keep unfurled,
And Albion in them still be great o'er the world,
While through every age,
Her historic page
Would live in the patriot, poet and sage.

Then blow adverse winds 'gainst her monarchy strong,
And rave ye wild billows and powers of wrong,
In fruitless commotion around my loved home,
When loyalty stands like a wall round the throne,
Her banner will still
Its mission fulfil,
And triumph o'er discord, oppression and ill.

And now when the partizan spirit is fanned,
By all men's worst passions throughout this wide land,
How proudly a Briton may point to the star
That shines on the eastern horizon afar,
Its glory, its fame
Through all times the same,
The heritage only a Briton can claim.

The morning now was drawing near at hand
When Nevens, Kneel and Bagbury must stand
Upon the rostrum, and with serious face
Pour forth their eloquence with ease and grace.
But Kneel complained that Nevens' nose looked bad;
And only worthy of a London cad.
He thus expressed himself, take my advice,
And ere you slumber, lay your nose on ice.

Fair was the sky, and rosy was the morn;
Soft came the breezes over hill and lawn,
To kiss the flag of Tilden and reform.
I watched it floating in the sun's bright rays,
And far into this country's future days
My thoughts were cast. God spare the bays
Said I, but here my reverie was marred,
For Bagbury was shouting in the yard:
For God's sake where's the whiskey? I am dry.
Echo responded hoarsely, so am I!

Cocktails, like lover's promises went down,
Nevens began to find himself in town.
The speeches of the day were then rehearsed,
With sundry new ideas interspersed.
Then came the breakfast, pork and beef again,
Butter and flies, enough for hungry men,
Cocktails once more, and so the morning passed
Till the auspices hour came round at last.
Soft music echo'd over dale and hill,
With strains that tell of liberty and fill
The Patriot's soul with fervor, while on high
Waved the bright banner of our liberty

Ancient of days, old Chadwick took the chair,
A Jackson Democrat, with hoary hair.
He called one Captain Kurtnee from the rear
Who had been once a British Fusilier;
Had been in India, Malta, the Crimea;
Sojourned in Stramboul, seen Sophia's dome;
Had visited the Vatican of Rome.
At Gibralter smoked and drank champagne;
Then for Columbia he crossed the main.
A frank cosmopolite in truth was he,
And now a Democrat as we may see.
As Kurtnee took the floor loud plaudits rang,
He made a very dashing *coup de main.*
With elegance of rhetoric he rose;
With scorching sarcasms he swept his foes,
Without spread eagleism or a phiz.
No thin nonentities of speech were his.
And as he had been grinding many days,
I think the Captain earned his meed of praise.

Kneel followed next in costume neat and trim,
The ladies smiles were treasured up for him.
His honied words and noble Roman beak,
His auburn locks, his smooth and youthful cheek.
Won what Demosthenes would deem a prize,
The sweet approval of the ladies' eyes.
Get round the women Kneel my boy and then

You need not care a straw about the men.
Thus with a graceful ease and mellow tone
He charmed the throng with eloquence his own.

Lower the flag! the fatal die is cast.
Lower the flag! that for the century past
Has waved the emblem over land and sea,
The emblem of a country's liberty.
Lower the flag! it was not made to wave
O'er Freedom's ruined shrine, and o'er her grave.
'Tis mockery to keep it now unfurled,
The mark of scorn for despots through the world:
Or as a bauble for ambitious hands,
For demagogues, or predatory bands
Of lucre loving men, whose sorded fame
Is built upon this ruined country's shame.

Our fathers earned this emblem with their blood;
On hard fought fields their ranks together stood.
With fortitude no human power could stand
They drove their proud oppressors from the land;
And when the long-lost dove again returned
To bless the social hearth that war had spurned,
When patriotism reaped its just reward
And plenty crowned again the ample board,
When tears of joy ran down the war-worn face,
And friends long parted met in fond embrace,
As rolled the war cloud from Columbia's shore,
As died the echo of the cannon's roar,
Then did our fathers over land and sea
Give to the breeze this banner of the free.

Thus as a people's heritage it came,
'Twas theirs to guard it and uphold its fame,
Fresh from our fathers' hands it bore no stain,
It waved a welcome, seen across the main,
And Saxon, Celt, with Teuton, Swede and Gaul,
Found 'neath its ample folds a home for all.
In peace or triumph no proud foe could lower,
On foreign seas its presence was a power.

But oh! how futile are man's hopes, how vain!
E'en liberty no foot-hold can retain!
Here where her noblest fabric wisdom reared,
Here where man's innate rights were most revered,
Here where unerring justice held the scales,
Lo, freedom weeps, and patriotism pales.
As down the valley of eternal snows
Leaps the huge avalanche from long repose,
And overwhelms the orange groves and vine,
When summer broods o'er landscapes all divine;
So vice invades Columbia's fair domain;
So freedom's Temple sinks upon the plain.

Amidst this chaos mercenary hordes,
Charlatan knaves, or thieves in other words,
The rod of power wield, with pride elate
Degrade the sacred offices of state;
Place men in power, post of honor, trust,
With privilege to gratify their lust
For sorded gain, in any shape or form.
And drive out honest statesmanship by storm.
Oh, if Diogenes were here to-day,
And to our capitol his steps should stray,
Where once the wisdom of a nation ruled,
Now by a thing called "Grantism" befooled,
How long he'd wander ere his light would fall
Upon an honest statesman 'mongst them all.
Where there is life there's hope, the proverb tells;
A dormant power within the crater dwells
That's smouldering, not quenched, it's waking powers
May yet burst forth upon this land of ours,
And overwhelm the traitors with it's fires
Who dare destroy the landmarks of our sires.
In forty million souls there still must be
Some latent fire that moves them to be free.
Have they so soon forgot the maxim true,
"True to yourselves and ye will never rue"?
Have the stern truth their hardy fathers taught
With patriot zeal, and minds with wisdom fraught,
Been all forgotten? Has the heritage
Of glory stamped upon the immortal page
Of History so soon been lost upon
Th' ignoble sons of noble Washington?
Oh that some master spirit now would soar
Above the party strife and rabble roar
Of politics and anarchy, some sun
Absorbing all our rays of thought in one;
Some cynosure to which all hearts would tend,
A mind that could men's stubborn passions bend.
Oh blow ye winds of freedom, breathe again
On these dry bones of this sepulchral plain,
Come with thy vital powers that they may rise,
The chainless spirit rouse, that never dies:
The spirit once that bid the Roman wake
When the conspiring Cataline was at his gate.
The cold heart fire, that it may yearn once more
For honest fame, as it was wont of yore,
When as one man our ranks in phalanx stood
And on their country's altars shed their blood.
The Public press which daily doth relate
Political events in every state,
But chronicles the crimes whose shadows fall
Like the handwriting on Belshazzar's wall.
Those shadows which presage the sure decay
Of Thrones, Dominions, or Democracy,

The powers that be, which otherwise we call
The executive, chief magistrate and all,
Seem lost to every sense of moral shame,
Unmindful of the shade that blasts their fame.
"The great Republic," or as runs the phrase
"The pure Democracy of modern days,"
A Tanner Doge and Oligarchy sway,
Venice had none such in her darkest day.

But 'midst the gloom that overclouds our sky
Some honest men take heart when they descry
A man of Tilden's calibre arise,
With heart and nerve for great emergencies.
A man of sterling worth whose mind is bent
To give this land a settled government,
And bring the ship of state safe through the storm
With the unerring compass of reform.

And as the rock in bold relief stands forth
To meet the swelling billow in its wrath;
As wave on wave against its bulwarks roll
And die in ambient foam upon that goal;
Nor all the elements in force combined,
Nor raging storm nor thunderbolt or wind
Can move it from its adamantine base,
Firm, grand, immoveable it holds its place.
So stands our Tilden at this trying hour
Against encroachments of despotic power.

On him the world now bends its anxious eye,
Hark! 'tis his loud appeal, I hear him cry:
From the broad bosom of the prairie plain,
From the far slopes on the Pacific main,
From northern forests and the Redman's post,
To where the Gulf wave laves our southern coast,
And thence to where the Atlantic billows roll,
Awake! shake off the lethargy of soul,
Bring all your moral forces to the field,
Be firm, unanimous, your cause your shield.

Bear up against your stealthy, wary foe,
Who, bent on selfish ends, would overthrow
The sacred right your Sires so dearly won
In the red fields with noble Washington.

Stirred with the memories its glories cast,
Snatch the bright banner from the traitor's grasp,
Unfurl it yet again with patriot hand
O'er the broad bosom of a suffering land.
With cause so pure the triumph will be yours,
'Twill shine in grateful hearts while time endures.

Then will prosperity thy commerce bless,
And lasting peace the wasted land redress,
While plenty spreads her store with lavish hand
Upon a grateful and smiling land.

Then Nevens rose and all around was still,
Red was his nose, and purple was his gill,
Ye might have heard a pin fall, still as death
The brilliant throng of hearers held their breath.
*"What is it thus their hearts and souls can bind?
The power of thought, the magic of the mind"
Nevens was humorous, his happy flow
Of eloquence was stinging tho' 'twas slow.
Corruption cower'd when his lash came down,
And virtue doff'd in defference her crown.
Republicans grew pale as Nevens drew
The hydra of their party full to view,
And licked him with his own ensanguined garment,
Yet this was done as tho' the man no harm meant,
Oh Nevens, Nevens! when thou had'st the floor,
Shades of the mighty dead did o'er thee soar,
Columbia's self hung o'er her darling son,
And with each rounded period cried well done!

"*Arma virumque cano*" quite *au fait*
In all the leading topics of the day,
The Soldier took the floor, and seem'd to feel
A craving for a foe to match his steel.
With measured tread he thoughtfully advanced,
Then on the gay assemblage briefly glanced,
And like an old Campaigner, cautious, slow,
On Hayes and Wheeler's flank he dealt a blow.
Familiar with the line and tented field,
He had the courage that will never yield,
Indomitable courage, chainless, free,
Sparta had never worthier son than he.
His anecdotes were humorous, his thrusts
Always went home, His strictures they were just,
In coming to a climax he was grand,
And dealt his bolts like Jove around the land.
His peroration too was quite sublime;
Worthy of Cicero and olden time.
His words ran thus if I remember right,
The passage may not be *verbatim* quite:—

* Byron's Bride of Abydos.

"Here in Republican Vermont's my field,
I'll conquer or ye'll bear me on my shield
Back to my Sparta, that is Portland, Maine,
Back to the arms of my old dad again.
Green mountain boys think of your hardy sires
Of Ethan Allen! emulate his fire!
Tyconderoga's gates flew open wide,
When Ethan in a voice of thunder cried,
"Down with thine arms and yield proud foe to me,
This is Jehovah's mandate, his decree,
The Continental Congress doth demand,
This stronghold from this British hireling band,
And in his columns went in grand array!
The rights he fought for I uphold to day,
Now fellow citizens demand from those,
Those Scallawags that led you by the nose,
Instant surrender of the reins of power,
Down on the Capitol let vengeance shower,
Kick in the panels of the White House door,
And wipe out Grantism for evermore.
Ring out the tocsin through this injured land,
Lo justice weeps and rings her lilly hand.
My mission is to aid her injured cause,
And down sat Bagbury 'midst great applause.

The tourists now as everybody knows,
Were getting dry, when ancient Chadwick rose,
And called for cheers for Tilden, and again
Three more with tiger, for the men from Maine.
Then melting music stole upon the ear,
And off the tourists went to get their beer.

Alas my muse must prune her wing,
Some future day she'll soar and sing,
How in the villages and towns,
In Fairfield, Bakersfield and down
In Underhill and Fairfax too,
The tourists down the gauntlet threw.
But no Republican would chance,
*"The shiver of a broken lance".

* Ivanhoe.

Suffice it that the tourists wore,
Their laurels well, and what is more,
They left upon the mountains green,
Besides some sterling truths I ween,
The trail of genius! nothing more?
Yes empty bottles by the score.

EPITAPH ON "OLD SKINNEY."

["Old Skinney" is a fictitious name for a demure looking individual who figured on the construction of Railways in Canada and the United States, and possessed the wonderful faculty of skinning every person he met. Those who in their path through life have once met this illustrious personage will easily identify him again as delineated under the appropriate sobriquet of Skinney.]

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!
Here lies old Skinney as all men must,
Waiting his doom when the trumpet's sound
Shall break the calm of his sleep profound,
He'd the tongue of a saint, with the heart of a Jew,
And the sanctified face of a methodist too,
Which bore in its aspect a sinister leer,
Depicting the "fraud" unmistakably clear,
He was ofttimes found at the shrine of Venus.
* * * * * * * * * * *
In trade Old Skinney the trader skinned,
His creditors too, but never was pinned,
He skinned the Sheriff upon the "line,"
He skinned the slippery Yankee fine.
He skinned the rich and he skinned the poor,
The virtuous woman and sable ——
The widow in weeds and the courtesan,
The foppish ass and the beggarman,
He skinned the laboring man indeed,
Behind the counter he made him bleed.
Contractors and Subs he skinned them too:

He'd skin a man of his very last sous.
He skinned the Saints of a meeting house,
He'd skin a Parson as soon as a louse.
He skinned till all his strength was past,
Then grim old Death skinned Skinney at last.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FOREGOING.

Old Skinney's victims would like to know
Old Skinney's place in the realms of woe,
Did he carry with him the power to skin
The shadowy phantoms of death and sin?
Does he there possess that meek old face,
That air of reverential grace,
That head of patriarchal grey,
Where all his skinning propensities lay?
If so the Devil had need look out,
For Skinney would skin him out of doubt,
A row would follow we know right well,
And the Devil would kick old Skinney from hell.
To the realms of bliss he'd then repair,
But never a foot would he enter there,
For Peter who collects the toll,
Would bar the door on his skinny soul.
Excluded then from the realms of night,
Debarred admission to realms of light,
Denied the precincts of both to gain,
He'd make for this mundane sphere again,
And around the scenes of his life's highway,
Old Skinney's ghost would be skinning away.
Ave Maria! let men devout,
Pray that old Skinney be never let out
From the shades of hell on the world again,
And that Satan may keep him safe,

AMEN.

EPITAPH ON A BROKEN TOBACCO PIPE.

Here lies a little tube of wonderous power,
Once the companion of an idle hour.
A foe to care, sweet charmer of the soul,
What dreams were conjured from thy magic bowl.
Ah who could fancy filthy as thou art,
How sweet the influence thou could'st impart;
How many wounds of sorrow thou hast balmed,
How oft the turbid passions thou hast calmed,
How many weary hours by thee beguiled,
How sweet thy fragrance when Aurora smiled.
Under the pall and gloom of sable night,
How welcome was thy beacon to the sight;
Formed from the kindred element of man,
And doomed like him to last but for a span,
Like him when all his hopes as incense rise,
The censer breaks, and prone on earth it lies.
The gaudy meerschaum p'haps may take the eye,
With amber mouth-piece, stem of ebony;
The cigarette or fragrant mild cigar
The dupe of fashion would prefer by far.
Let frigid moralists thy charms decry,
And colder stoics pass thee heedless by;
Though pomp and pride their tinseled gauds display
There's nothing equal to a simple clay.